

# THE FREE CITIZEN.

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## TIMELY TOPICS.

AUGUSTA, Georgia, claims the largest cotton factory in the south. Forty buildings are in process of erection, and houses to the value of \$350,000 have been completed this year.

ACCORDING to a French statistician, more than a thousand people have perished by fires in theatres from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to the present date, while the pecuniary loss amounts to \$60,000,000.

The report that Gerald Massey, the English poet, has become insane is now denied by a personal friend of his who says that that he is now engaged on the greatest literary work of his life.

The St. Louis whisky distillers have yielded to the energetic persistency of Secretary Bristow, and have withdrawn their plea of "not guilty" filed in the most important counts, and by so doing have forfeited the goods seized.

The influenza or distemper among the horses has become almost universal throughout the country, and, though not to be compared in severity to the epidemic of two years ago, it is still the cause of considerable inconvenience and loss. We begin, also, to hear of fatal results from the disease; and horse-breeders report the whole season unfavorable to the successful rearing of colts from the fatal prevalence of the trouble among them.

The St. Louis Times, in referring to the late visit of Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Oliver Ames and other railroad magnates, says the main object of their visit was to perfect arrangements to run through cars from here to San Francisco via the St. Louis and Kansas City and Northern and Union and Pacific railroads without change, and ultimately from New York via New York Central through this city. It is further said that this project is destined to forestall the action of the national railroad convention to be held here next month, and if possible, to kill the Southern Pacific railroad project which has many strong friends here.

The great powers of western Europe have exerted their combined influence to smother the Serbian rebellion and protect the dominion of the Turk a little longer. It is easy to imagine how the Czar smiles in his sleeve at their jealousy and the secret intrigues it leads to in order to prevent Russia from getting a foothold on the Mediterranean, especially as every year she is extending her empire to Central Asia and throwing the net of her diplomacy down towards the ocean and Persian Gulf. These dark movements are of vast importance, and if continued a quarter of a century will make it of very little moment what the great powers say. There is little use in defending the front door when the enemy has captured all the rest of the house.

We are indebted, says the New Orleans Times, to the state registrar of Louisiana for an advance copy of a table showing the population of Louisiana, according to state census of 1875. We present the totals below, comparing them with the figures of the United States census of 1860 and 1870. They show a very large increase during the five years, but it is confined chiefly to the rural parishes, that of Orleans, comprising the city of New Orleans, being only 12,021:

POPULATION OF THE STATE.		
1860	1870	1875
White	357,456	362,665
Free colored	18,617	36,210
Slaves	351,726	156,611
Chinese and Indians	173	630
Total	508,002	526,915
POPULATION OF NEW ORLEANS.		
White	149,933	140,923
Free colored	16,639	50,453
Slaves	11,414	56,667
Chinese and Indians	471	39
Total	176,009	191,419
		263,339

THE RETURN to the Pandora from an allsummer expedition to the arctic zone with nothing discovered but a warm current, a vessel of Ross's expedition abandoned twenty-five years ago and still stuck in the ice, and the headstones of some of Sir John Franklin's buried men, is the last brief and uninteresting account of a brief and unromantic cruise in rather hagneyed seas. The Pandora expedition went within about 1,000 miles of the pole, or thereabout, and reached the western longitude of the Red river settlement, passing perhaps one-third of the way westward through the series of straits north of Victoria land. Being a steamer the Pandora moved rapidly, and had the northern sea been unobstructed by ice or fog she could, at that reduced compass of the globe, have steamed through from Baffin's Bay to the Russian American seas in three or four days at the utmost. She sailed above seven degrees in twelve days, with all sorts of

embarrassments and stoppages. Seven degrees more of steaming over equally short parallels would have carried her quite through land obstructions to the supposedly open Polar sea on the longitude of Sitka and mid-Pacific. The expedition was Lady Franklin's. The best we can say of it is that it was so intelligently and humanely directed that Capt. Young brought home his vessel and his men.

THE tragic death of Charles Revere by his own hand in an uptown den in New York is another illustration of the old truth that the way of the transgressor is hard. Revere had been a sporting character. He drove fast, played deep and plunged into all manner of excesses. About two years ago he formed a *liaison* with a woman on whom it is thought he squandered \$80,000. Lately he has had a powerful run of ill-luck, and with his waning fortunes she began to look out for a well-filled pocket to set her heart upon. He became desperate, and after an afternoon and night of debauch, at the end of which she refused to go with him longer, he struck her on the head and then shot himself at her feet. The discovery of the self-murder revealed a ghastly scene of pain, dissipation, and depravity, and showed how the pursuit of pleasure through their devions, immoral ways is always uneventful and often fatal. The excitement steals away the life of the pleasure and the delirium is always degrading and death-hastening. It seems as though the experiment had been tried often enough with unvarying results to warn everybody away from such perilous courses.

## ALFONSO'S FIANCÉE.

Princess Mercedes, the prospective Queen of Spain.

The French correspondent of the London Times, in some extended comments on Spanish politics, weaves a skein of Princess Mercedes, the youngest of the two daughters of the Due de Montpensier, whose engagement to King Alfonso was recently announced:

It is evidently thought that a marriage between the King and the Princess Mercedes would produce considerable effect in Spain, and re-unite, to the exclusion of the Carlist King, whom evil war and the blood which has been shed, cut off from the nation, in one and the same interest, all members of the royal family. But naturally this alliance would not be supported by the present cabinet, for it would free the king from the encroaching guardianship of the Duke of Sesto, and it is in this silent struggle, in this inevitable antagonism, that the anticipated explanation of events which will happen in Spain must be sought. It was with these reflections that I spent the morning at Randan. I observed the respectful enthusiasm with which the Spaniards treated the young Princess, who has become the object of their combination, and it may be said of their hopes. The Princess herself just passed from childhood, full of grace and ingenuousness, seemed unaware of the royal destinies which perhaps await her, as with her eyes fixed on the Princess Christina, her sister, she laughed at the awkwardness of Prince Antonio, her little brother, while they all abandoned themselves *avant la paix*, to the pleasures of croquet on the shady terrace of Randan. At the end of the day the Due de Montpensier was surrounded by his Spanish guests, who had all resumed their Castilian gravity and whose attitude breathed the traditional respect of old Spain for those who sit on the steps of the throne. Further on the duchess, in the midst of a circle of ladies conversed in a discreet tone of voice, and raised her head from time to time to follow the children's game with a satisfied air and to smile at the bursts of laughter or frequent discussions entailed by the croquet, while she is condemned to the severity of Spanish etiquette. The Princess Mercedes is one of the most graceful persons who could occupy a throne. Evidently the Princess is yet too young to become immediately a royal bride for she is not yet 14; but I am sure that the young King, who knows her and who must have preserved a recollection of her, will easily become an accomplice of those who dream of giving to Spain that Princess who to-day breathes grace, and who to-morrow at the wished-for hour will add to this grace the kindly dignity of a queen and the seductive charms of a woman. I do not know how far Spain is in a position to give up its struggles, competition and incessant war. I do not know how far one ought to wish that this young princess should become the instrument of this difficult undertaking. I do not know, should it be accomplished, if one day I shall not think with sadness of this young lady whom people are trying to thrust into the Spanish furniture; but in leaving Randan and while laughing at the thought that I had been assisting at the supposed conspirator's feast, I was obliged to confess that this marriage might well be pleasing to Spaniards sincerely desirous of procuring a halt for their country on the path of agitation which it has trod so long.

A merchant who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what he attributed his success in life. "To prompt obedience to my parents," was the reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youth of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believed that a blessing lies, in consequence, resting upon me and upon all my efforts."

## TWO CHRISTIANS.

To Christ, his Son, a good soul,  
Who glows with ardor with filial fire,  
The one was born with earthly virtues,  
The other, born lacking but the love of God.  
They differed much in their conduct,  
The other, save when straying through  
Tor on, embarking upon the trees,  
The distance was dimly divided.  
The bark that sheltered on the boughs,  
Nestled their purity, heads for him,  
And never knew the trees were grand,  
He did but count the boughs and hours,  
Till he might come to the rounded head,  
And one, a little kind of cross,  
Would to a tender capture move;  
He only used his lips to bless,  
The God who gave him things to live,  
Then closed himself on his road,  
To Ararat, to another land,  
He only used his lips to pray,  
He might not leave a thing so much,  
Whom is the best?—As he who can,  
Yet why should we doubt? Twixt them  
We may approve the mortal man,  
Nor yet the factful man condemn,  
Nor yet the factful man condemn,  
That which is who he is bound,  
For he is who he is bound,  
The spanned the earth beneath his feet,  
*Good Works.*

## FACTS FROM ALL SOURCES.

### ELDERBERRY WINE.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts Almanac gives the following recipe as having been used for years with perfect success: To fill a five gallon keg, take five quarts of ripe berries picked from the stems, five gallons of water, boil them together one-quarter of an hour, strain the liquor, add fourteen pounds of brown sugar, boil again half an hour, put into a tub three pounds of raisins, pour the boiling liquor on them; when about milk-warm add half a pint of yeast, let it stand three days, strain into the cask. If there is more liquor than fills the cask, use it to fill up with as it settles while fermenting; if there is none left water will answer. Keep it full about two weeks. When about done fermenting, cork the cask tight; let it stand about three months; then draw off into bottles.

### COLORING APPLES.

The Sacramento Record says: Mr. Charles Caine, who owns an extensive orchard near San Jose, has a method of giving to red, striped and yellow apples a high coloring. The fruit is picked and laid upon the ground in long flat piles, under the half shade of the trees. It is desirable to give them as much sunlight as they will bear without sunburning. In two or three weeks the apples on the top will be richly colored. These are removed, boxed and sent to the market, and the next layer exposed to the sun. His apples thus colored, especially the Baldwin, Smith's cider, and Spitzburgs, challenge the admiration of all who see them. By this process apples that, when picked from the trees, were almost without color, will become brilliant as the reddest apple on the tree, and equally as fine as the best."

### CUT FOOD FOR STOCK.

The Western Rural says: Farmers in the west not having had experience in feeding out seed to stock, do not fully appreciate the advantage to be derived from it. It will be found that the same amount of hay or straw cut and mixed with a little bran or sunsh will do nearly double the amount of good as that fed loose to horses or cattle, which are stalled. When this plan becomes to be more practical, the advantage of the improved condition of the stock will be so great, that the cutting-hay will become an indispensable requisite to every farmer-inuring good stock. It requires some trouble, but the stock need this extra care at a time when the ordinary work of the farmer is not pressing. The expense is not great in the use of a hand machine, and if a larger machine is used, the work may be done more rapidly, and the power used to drive it may be used for other purposes of equal advantage in the farm economy.

### TOP-DRESSING MEADOWS.

The results of a single top-dressing on eight plots of nearly half an acre each of sandy, warm soil, of the Michigan State Agricultural college farm, exhibited the following facts at the end of three years: The top-dressing was applied in 1864, and the grass was cut twice each season in 1864 and 1865, and once in 1866. The produce of each cutting and of each lot was weighed separately and a perfect record kept. The results for the four seasons were as follows: On the plot to which no manure or fertilizer was applied, the total weight of hay yielded per acre was 8,730 pounds. Where two bushels of plaster were applied, the yield per acre was 13,235 pounds, a gain of 4,504 pounds. Where five bushels of wood ashes were applied, the yield per acre was 12,997 pounds, a gain of 4,266 pounds. Where three bushels of salt were sown per acre the yield was 13,990 pounds, a gain per acre of 5,227 pounds. Where twenty loads of manure per acre was laid on, the yield per acre was 13,816 pounds, a gain of 5,081 pounds. Where twenty loads of horse manure was laid on the yield was 14,686 pounds, a gain of 6,251 pounds. These are the results which indicate that there are fertilizers which will produce as good results as plaster. For instance, the plaster yielded a gain of fifty-one per cent, while the horse manure gave an increase of seventy-one per cent, or nearly a ton more grass per acre in the three years.

### PLACE FOR THE WAGON-BOX.

The American Agriculturist has the following: When not in use the wagon-box is a cumbersome thing to stow away. It is too costly to be allowed to lie out amongst the plows and harrows, and too bulky to find a place in the tool-house or the sheds. Generally it lies up against the fence, or at the back of the barn, where it is much injured in one year by exposure as it would be by several years of use. A very convenient plan is to hoist it up to the ceiling of a wagon-

shed, over the place where the wagon usually stands; here it can always be lowered onto the wagon in two minutes, and it is out of the way and safe from injury. It is necessary to have four rings on the wagon-box, one near each corner, two short ropes, and two long ones, and two small pulley-blocks fastened to the beams overhead. The short ropes are tied to the rings, each crossing one end of the wagon-box. There should be a loop in the middle of each of these short ropes, to which the long ropes can be tied or hooked. When the wagon is backed into the proper place the ropes are fastened to the wagon-box, and each end of the box is hoisted a few feet alternately, till there is only one person to pull it up until it is high enough. The ropes are fastened around cleats fixed to the wall of the shed.

### THE GROUP AND ITS TREATMENT.

This disease causes death by suffocation.

Warts That Would Have Driven an Empress Mad.

It is from Hippocrates.

Once in a while something happens in the world, so far removed from the natural, proper order of things, so thoroughly and actually abnormal in its quality, so completely preposterous in its consequences, that the average man can almost weep from sheer wrath at an execrated disregard of the external properties. They may weep over this statement of an actual fact:

In 1853 a gentleman, whose name need not be given, closed up a profitable drug business, and retired upon deserved competence. A taste for the good things of the world had fit this successful businessman, and when he retired he selected from his stock of liquors a supply of the best, for private consumption. Rare Bourbons twenty years old, was carefully bestowed in bottles-and-decanter smooth, oily brandy was similarly put aside; rich port and brownberry and precious cordials were preserved with equal care, and when he finally went out of business, the gentleman referred to had in his possession a rare lot of liquors contained in a variety of bottles, decanters, jugs and other receptacles.

Then came a sudden death, and the business man's possessions descended to his kinsfolk.

The bottled liquors went

to a near relative who

were not in the habit of looking upon the wine

when red or any other color, or of con-

sidering liquor in any form.

The bottles and decanters and jugs were put away, as

so much rubbish in the garret, and left undisturbed.

There, in the lonely garret, the liquors stayed, and the years passed by.

The Bourbon grew richer, the brandy oilier,

the wines more nutty, the cordials more

like the very elixir of life.

The ocean cable became a fact, Germany took

a slice of France and her millions, Stan-

ley found Livingstone, and other great

things happened, and still, by days and

weeks, and months, and years, in bottles

and decanters and jugs, hidden away,

half forgotten, in the dusty garret, the

rich Bourbon grew richer, the oily brandy

oily, the nutty wines more nutty, the

precious cordials more like the elixir of

life. Time, the great distiller was doing his best.

Time still passes, as time always does

and in the household where the liquors were,

the thrifty housewife and her assist-

ant daughter kept all things neat and

orderly, and furnished a well-provided

table. They do so still. It has always

been the custom of these ladies to put up in autumn a large supply of pickles and

preserves and jams and such delicacies,

and a while ago they began the usual

work. They had accomplished much,

whenat a certain stage, with a great deal

of fruit on their hands, they found them-

selves without bottles to hold the various

essences and extracts and other sloppy

necessaries for the work. Some one spoke

up.

"There are a lot of old bottles and ju-

nicy